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Personalities In Cryptozoology = #1
The Sanderson Sagas: Part One -
A Brief Biography Of A Renissance Scientist
And Explorer In Tennis Shoes:
Ivan Terence Sanderson.
By
Gary S. Mangiacopra*
and
Dr. Dwight G. Smith**
*Milford, Connecticut;
**Southern Connecticut State University, New Haven,
Connecticut.

[PAGE BREAK]

"Old soldiers never die ... they just fade away."
- Retired General Douglas A. MacArthur West Point
Academy farewell speech.
Introduction To Ivan T. Sanderson -
Since the decade of the 1990s, the world-wide
internet has brought to many the topic of cryptozoology
to countless millions of web browsers each day at
OF
several thousands web sites. Most of the webs posted
A
deal with current incidents of cryptids encounters
and the serious - and no so serious present day
investigators who are actively looking into this the
matter
Cover: frist Fascinating
field of cryptozoobay.
Yet, among these web-sites there is a lack of
credit of the historical significance and influence of
one critical individual who nearly three-quarters of
a century ago, brought forth to the general public the
then begining topic of what we now recognized as
cryptozoology
--

Ivan Terence Sanderson.
Sanderson, who died an untimely death at the age
of 62 of cancer, has been overlooked in the more than
three decades since his passing of his importan

[PAGE BREAK]

Sanderson - Part 1
Mangiacopra/Smith
Once, he was
-[3]-
one of the leading significance personalities at the
start of the cryptozoological field. This present day
mostly
neglect is due to the lack of
accen to
reprinting
as well as the death
Sanderson's numerous published books nd the lack of
libraries containing decades old journals and magazines
that contain copies of Sanderson Mitice
Ivan's articles for anyone to
And even less today are the rapidly
Few
number of people who remember reading
Sanderson's
numerous popular articles of the mysteries of the world
appeared
when they first came out that month on the newstands;
Fewer still can remember listening
pr af Tistening to him on the radio talk shows over the
decades that he gave interviews; or of seeing him on
late-T
black & white
the owly technological achievement, television
end fewer still of the people who personally actually
Ivan
fetime
even if it may be but just once in their
what WOFC CH
Sandara
personal memories of hi
Snipplets of s life have seen print by those
few luckly to have known him intimately, the latest
Sandara
written by Mark A. Hall [1], who was at an's deathbed
when he passed away. Hall's recent account shed new
light on just how remarkable a life Sanderson had lived,
that at times seems more like the works of fiction of Ian
Fleming (author and creator of James Bond), but

[PAGE BREAK]

relict as
was all true.
As yet, no author has attempted to produce a
definitive biographical book of this most remarkable
charactenze as
reniassence individual of many talents. Of whom one
could correct
awes the last of the 19th century
tyre explorers and naturalist scientist who was a
holdover into the first half of the 20th century.
the uninform reader, just who was Ivan
Terence Sanderson? Born in Scotland on 30 January
1911, he became a full-time resident of the United States
(but not a citizen) after World War II, dying in New
Jersey on 19 February 1973. [2]
During the last decade of his life that he became
because
more widely known
which appeal
his Abominable Snowman and Bigfoot
articles in such contemporary top-circulation magazines such as
as well as
as TRUE and ARGOSY and appearing on radio and television
shows.
ograms
Sanderson appeared, and even hosted, the Barry
Farber late night radio talk show on radio channel
WOR originating from New York City. There the late night
Sanderson's
listener was introduced to an's strange and mysterious
happenings of the world, all the while plugging his
Society For The Investigation Of The Unexplained

[PAGE BREAK]

stimulate
(S.I.T.U.), he had founded in 1965 to inite further
investigation
into
these topics.
Through Barry Farber's
head
late night radio talk show,
be listener many episodes of Ivan's fascinating

exploits, and adventures that he, along with his fellow adventurers, had endured during his previous research expeditions in the Depression thirties and during the war years from nume
These exploits stimulated received excitement
Leaving one wanting and waiting for more such stories from the background of this unique explorer and investigator. For what else were there about this fascinating person who had a wonderful sense of humor on topics of the unexplained.
Sanderson
coupled with a serious approch to
Regretfully, I did not keep a diary after 1944
ce until
and did not start to save his correspondence until the 1960s. [3] This has left a very large
his
personal life of several decades that is an impossible task for anyone to fill in; primarily due to the lack of readily published sources, that one could consult
however
But sometimes, by the most fortunate of circumstances
Help
fragments can still be found that fills in these voids a person's life. In March 1985, author Mangiacopra had the opportunity
Oxamine
xamining 50 million

[PAGE BREAK]

From
clippings of the defunt NEW YORK WORLD-TELEGRAM-SUN morgue residing at the College of Journalism at the University of South Carolina at Columbia. Existing
Am
Sipping
Carolin
mong these es was d on Ivan Sanderson Though probably not containing 11 of the articles published by this newspaper that refered to Sanderso
Overthele gave a fragmented perspective
Sanderson
Thi
this file
about
some of
incidents that occurred to an and his first wife Alam when they had resided in New York City. By chronologically

reorganizing these clippings, one can view the many
his lites. They alos al
trival and amusing incidents of decades past
The nothing about the plain F
individual.
an aspect of Ivan Sanderson, the
Arrival Of The Tennis Shoe Naturalist.
show
lingend
1937 still w the United States
statted still
from the depths of the Depression, when a
young 27 year-old Ivan Terence Sanderon returned from
exploring Haiti's wilds to New York City, on behalf of
had
Viking Press he requested his presence as his first
ANIMAL TREASURE, was being published. Though the
book,
had not yet appered on the market - it
boob was coming out on September 10th it was already
as
selected for this month's book-of-the-month club
Serection
the Sep
Though a
member of the Zoological Society

[PAGE BREAK]

Sanderson - Part 1
Mangiacopra/Smith
It's author, Isan
-[7]-
Sandosson was known
scientist searching for strange and often legendary
creatures throughout the jungles of the world. Noted as
w3
Hew
a skilled artist who found time also to do murals for
several of his favorite London night clubs where he
displayed a real talent for tap dancing. Another
learned talent was playing a variety of strange
African instruments. [4]
1 Da Sorum
On 1th September, Mr. and Mrs. Paul R. Reynolds
introduced him to friends at the Cosmopolitan Club
the
where he was most favorably received by his American
audience. [5] Welcoming him was Dr. Henry S. Canby who
campared 'Ivan's experiences with Concord's Henry
Thoreau. Whereas Thoreau had used an old-fashioned
telescrope, Ivan penetrated the jungle with modern

microscopes and measuring rods.
For a first-time author, Ivan was greeted by
writers, editors and publishers, who had just came back
from their vacations and were Litoral listings e
the poors at
Hose among
the 1930s:
in top of the American literat■
They included
litery
scene of
- Richard M. Brett, treasurer and general manager of
the Macmillian Company;
- Harold Guinzburg, publisher of ANIMAL TREASURE;

[PAGE BREAK]

Sanderson - Part 1
Mangiacopra/Smith
-[8]-
- Max Schuster, publisher;
- Hendrik van Loon.
Among the other publishers present were:
- Alfred A. Knopf;
- Whitney Darrow;
- Frederick A. Stokes;
- William Chenery of COLLIERS magazine;
- Percy Waxman of COSMOPOLITAN magazine;
- Frederick L. Allen of HARPERS magazine;
- Donald Kennicott of RED BOOK magazine;
- George Carlin of United Features syndicate;
- Mary King of the CHICAGO TRIBUNE syndicate;
- Clifton Fadiman of NEW YORKER magazine.
Among those listed above, about thirty others were
present that comprised of:
- Carl van Doren;
- Edward Anthony;
- George Stevens;
there
- Quincy Howe;
- Lee Keedick;
- Donand Adams;
- Amy Loveman;
- Robert van Gelder. [6]
- who on
people?
we
should we
Induce them if
thy
clo
did not

anything

[PAGE BREAK]

Sanderson - Part 1
Mangiacopra/Smith
-[9]-
van Gelder was the NEW YORK
TIMES book reviewer who the previous day before the
Cosmopolitan Club luncheon, gave an enthusiastic review
bowards ANIMAL TREASURE:
"The book is definitely meant for
the general reader, though there is almost
no 'writing down' in it, nor are the more
usual strains and stresses of popularization
to be easily detected. It is, first of all,
good talk, about the inhabitants of a
little-known world. And I know of no book
that brings the African jungles nearer
to the armchair."[7]
Immediately following
publicity
where he continued
Jandessm
the public even
returned
mammal
collecting for anim
to Haiti
birds and
insects. Though describing himself as a "bug hunter",
great
hey had a fear and respect for the arachnida;
the last with
especially feared spiders and regarded scorpions "with
great respect because one bit me.
Pr. Raymond L. Ditmars of the Bronx Zoo, wa
Sandem Specim
received.
expedition
some of the cepturés
the Hot The
five foot dragons known as the rhinoceros

[PAGE BREAK]

Sanderson - Part 1
Mangiacopra/Smith
-[10]-
Sanderson
iguanas. These iguanas were given to re because
"everyone on the British Isl

Sandewah
British Isl
iks well of him."
were not limited
Biola investigation ald not limit
tbf to the matter of only zoology, as upon his
arrival in London, he received an inquiry from the
Cuban Embassy asking if he had learned anything on his
trip about the origin of the word "rhumba" which the
Cubans did not know despite this dance for which their
Famous
country was noted for.
responded to:
Ivan was helpful in
The ever helpful Jand
"I was able to assist them because one
day in Africa I ran into a tribe that did
a dance identical with the rhumba
It was just by accident. When we
arrived at the headquarters of the chief
of the Akuna-kuna tribe, we asked him if
he had any good dances he could put on
that evening.
He summoned the tribe out and they
went through a performance that in the
Akuna-kuna language they called the
'eh-rhumba'
Sure enough, the motions were

[PAGE BREAK]

Sanderson - Part 1
Mangiacopra/Smith
-[11]-
exactly those of a rhumba."
Sanders nia
World War II was two months old when is second
book, CARRIBBEAN TREASURE, was published.
NEW YORK
TIMES book reviewer R. L. Duffs noted, that he
"cannot guarantee its scientific observations, but he
does feel certain that Mr. SANDERSON writes of what he
saw, not only interesting, but truthfully.
the tell
s:[9]
Duffs ended his book review with the comments:
"One of the secrets of the book's
undeniable charm is its author's delight in
what he is seeing and doing. Even the
stinging sandflies which make night
unbearable off the Surinam coast do not
leave him with vengeful memories. He has

a rich vein of humor, an appreciation of
beauty, an occasional warm burst of
sentiment. He hated to go home. His drawings
are admirably explicit and artistically
pleasing. He does not present a photograph
of himself or any member of his party
perhaps an excess of good taste, but still
good taste." [9]
A year passed while World War II commenced, for

[PAGE BREAK]

Sanderson
Part 1
Mangiacopra/Smith
-[12]-
By chanu
during the month of August 1940, a news report informed
that Ivan's zoological collection of mammals, reptiles,
and various invertebrates from Belize, British Honduras,
was unable to be shipped to the British Museum in London.
This problem was resolved chance when
From
Ted museum
curators of the Museum of Natural History of Chicago
happened along on their expedition to the Caribbean.
Learning of his difficulties, they notified their
museum director, Clifford C. Gregg in Chicago. The
museum promptly offered its hospitality and the first
of a large installment of Sanderson's collection of
Central American fauna arrived in that city on the
19th of this month. [10] By the end of January 1941,
this collection was still being received there and was
to be held until the war's end. Wh
Vale Iva
yan & of this
da was last heard of from somewhere in the Central
American jungles. His fourth book, LIVING TREASURE, was
to be published that March by Viking Press. [11]
A year after the cessation of World War II
Sandan
hostilities in September 1946, van was employed by
the British Information Service in New York City. This
same month saw publication of his ANIMAL TALES, of which
editor of a collection of 31 fact and
He served QU

[PAGE BREAK]

Sanderson - Part 1
Mangiacopra/Smith
-[13]-

about
fiction stories
the animals of the world. Harry Hansen,
book reviewer for the NEW YORK WORLD-TELEGRAM, gave
praised t
aised
Sanderson's
praise towards Ivan's let
writing
citing accompli
"In view of this exemplary behavior I
propose a medal for anthologists, the
first one to go to Ivan T. Sanderson, and
ask that every scissors-and-past man be
compelled in the future to read ANIMAL
TALES before he fattens on the works of
others."
Sandeni
:[12]
Though Iva
Iva 's reputation as a naturalist in the
United States was already well established through his
previous writings, s fame was to reach an even larger
audience with the introduction of the post-war
technological achievement
- television - to the general
public.
Originating from New York City on Tuesday evening
Sanderson
of 28th September 1948, an was one of two guest
naturalists on the second live televise of the Mary
Margaret McBride 50 minute talk show program who
Sanderson began loy presenting
his television host with h
tap-dancing,
hamburger, eating praying mantis and a 35 year old
turtle. The other guest was author Edwin Way Teale, who

[PAGE BREAK]

Sanderson
Part 1
Mangiacopra/Smith
-[14]-
nor
entertaining
was not an especially talkative guest compared to
the more colorful career of the around-the-world exploits
Sanderson's
Sanderson
of
Hyph. Among

hight
humans was Iva 's animal
menager wife that included a guiena pig; a el monkey
named Skippy; and a toucan - a brightly plumed bird
gave
that kept giving the Bronox cheers at odd
intervals![13]
Sanderson
and his wife Alma, were
A month later both In an
making New York's around town gossip column of October
Sanderson's
Ivan's wife had Carried
Sanderson
22nd. Strolling in Leone's restaurant,
She
a live marmoset on her shoulder, was topped by Suan
himself - feeding a praying mantis in a glass jar! [14]
Ray Trullinger, the Hooks and Bullets" column
writer for the NEW YORK WORLD-TELEGRAM, related in his
23rd February 1950 column of the concern of van
Sanderson's whereabouts --- and his cargo of
blood-drinking vampire bats! Both were to be pla
place
on
exhibit at the National Sportsmen's Show being held at
Grand Central Palace on behalf of the members of the
Metropolitan Grotto of the National Speleologica
Society. Apparently Sanderson and the bats were
Ne delayed
somewhere between Mexico and New York, being
transit via American Airlines. As both the vampire bats

[PAGE BREAK]

Sanderson's
anderson - Part 1
Mangiacopra/Smith
-[15]-
Sanderson
and wet-nurse IXT were to be fed blood at four-hour,
Sanderson blood meal was actually
intervals
--
though ted
rare steak! [15]
Favored a medium
Sandem
An April 1951 interview of for a Sunday
article on cave exploring, as he was president of the
Metro Grotto
rotte explorers of New York City. Stressing his

position *
this adventurous hobby [16]
"Caving is a safe hobby provided
expeditions into caves are properly
conducted.
The occasional persons killed in
highly publicized accidents were not
members of our society. They were neither
properly equipped nor trained to go cave
exploring. Had they been so, the accidents
would have been avoided."
Sanderm
Yet
could not resist
slipping
Follows: [16]
in a cryptid
comment upon the mysteries of cave exploring
"Speleology is our last frontier of
exploration. It's a thrilling sport, and
absorbing hobby and a limitless field for
scientific research. It intrigues scientists
for, although the world is full of cave,

[PAGE BREAK]

derson - Part 1
Mangiacopra/Smith
-[16]-
only 10 percent of them have been
investigated. Opportunities for original
research are boundless. Our society
has catalogued to date some 5000 caves.
As an animal importer, Sanderson had an may excity
experience with his wards, such as taking
an 40 pound South American Peruvian Condor for an X-ray
at the Ellin Prince Speyer Hospital for Animals in New
York. The condor arrived several days prior to 20
August 1952 in New York, but apparently one leg had
been broken and knitted improperly and could only limp
on the ground.
ailed Sand
When Dr. Louis C. Schimoler in chare
project to treat
conder ask Ivan, "First thing I
want to know is this: Do these things eat human
flesh?"
To which Ivan honestly replied, "Yes, they do."
In response to Ivan's blunt answer, Dr. Schimoler
donned very heavy pair of leather gloves and sent
for help for four men to
Sandersmy other

ech unusual animals
the bird down. [17]
may
WAL
xhibited at the 1954 National Sportsmen's show on 23
February at New York City. The smallest

[PAGE BREAK]

derson - Part 1
Mangiacopra/Smith
-[17]-
changes was a female pigmy marmoset from the Napo River
It weighed a more
Valley in Peru named Spirite.
2½ ounces and had already given birth to two sets of
Sanderson included two ram animals
Among the National Sportsmen's exhibit
aming
rare animals from his collection: the acouchis from
Surinam and the bassaricyon from Coast Rica.
how he acquire them: [18]
"I spent about $15,000 of my own and
Sandersma descital
other peoples' money trying to catch those
two animals, and then I got a pair of
acouchis from a native animal collector
in Surinam, and then found the bassaricyon
in, of all places, a small animal zoo near
Boston. The people there though it was a
kinkajou."
Sterling North, the NEW YORK WORLD-TELEGRAM-SUN
book reviewer, praised Sanderon in December 1955 for
his latest book, LIVING MAMMALS OF THE WORLD. Citing
Ivan as "certainly one of the world's greatest
zoologist. [19, 20]
Yet, this same Sterling North a month later in
January 1956, gave an extremely harsh criticism
ards

[PAGE BREAK]

erson - Part 1
ngiacopra/Smith
- [18] -
about Sandersons
next book, FOLLOW THE WHALE.
*Sandensors stries about
to
the
though favorable
whaling from ancient

times to the present, he bluntly wrote: [21]
"It is unfortunate that Mr. Sanderson,
who is a serious naturalist, should feel
it necessary occasionally to popularize his
prose to the radio and lecture-platform
level. And it would seem to this reviewer
that his attempts to achieve the viewpoints
of several ancient and remote cultures
are sometimes more sensational than
convincing. But these are but infinitesimal
flaws in the best book on whales I have
ever seen in print."
Columnist Harriet Van Horn's column for 23 July
1959 noted briefly that accidents on television sets do
Frequently
happen - though not enough to suit press agents. Ce
gaident involved Ivan Sanderson
who accidently let
loose a colony of 5,000 bees escape in a television
studio! [22]
The television "bee" clipping was the latest
morgue clipping in the New York World-Telegram-Sun
archives. Whether there were additional newspaper

[PAGE BREAK]

son - Part 1
giacopra/Smith

articles pertaining to Sanderson after this date is
unknown and can only be determine if someone (if ever!)
will scan the microfilm of this newspaper at the New
York City libraries.
At best, this small biographical article can only
give a superficial coverage of a few trivial events in
Ivan Sanderson's most fascinating life - adding a little
bit more to what we know - or could wish to know
of him. For it is without a doubt that Ivan Sanderson
was a most unique individual and perhaps one of the
most interesting - and neglected - naturalists who had
the middle of the 20th century..
up
now mostly
Unfortunately, Sanderson's
accomplishments are rapidly becoming forgotten to even to
present day individuals whose interests are those of
the study of the newly rising field of cryptozoology.
may revit
hope
It is hope that this article had retque from the
forgottenness these trivial and minor
bottomless pit

aspects of the life and times of Ivan T. Sanderson,
and may interests others to delve into his life.
-[END]-

[PAGE BREAK]

Sanderson - Part 1
Mangiacopra/Smith
-[19]-
articles pertaining to Sanderson after this date is
unknown and can only be determine if someone (if ever!)
will scan the microfilm of this newspaper at the New
York City libraries.
At best, this small biographical article can only
give a superficial coverage of a few trivial events in
Ivan Sanderson's most fascinating life - adding a little
bit more to what we know or could wish to know
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op
Lived in the middle of the 20th century.
now mostly
Put
accomplishments are rapidly becoming forgotten, to even to
present tu individuals whose interests are those of
the study of the newly rising field of cryptozoology.
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hope that this article had
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It is ho
bottomless pit of forgottennessthese trivial and minor
aspects of the life and times of Ivan T. Sanderson,
and may interests others to delve into his life.
-[END]-

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Rescued From The Past #4
Word Length:
The Sanderson Sagas =
Part 3:
Making Money As A Writer;
Ivan And PARADE,
The National Sunday Newspaper Magazine.
Dr. Dwight G. Smith*
And
Gary S. Mangiacopra**
*Biology Department, Southern Connecticut State
University,
New Haven, Connecticut;

**Milford, Connecticut.

[PAGE BREAK]

Sanderson - Part 3
Smith/Mangiacopra
-[2]-
The decades following World War II, when Sanderson
residance
took up full time resident in the United States, were
the years of his being a most prolific writer for the
newstand magazines and newspaper articies specialty
the latter as many of Sanderson's newspaper articles
have been neglected since they were first published
more than six decades ago.
Two of Sanderson's "lost" articles
w32
published
in the nation-wide Sunday suppliment newspaper
magazine, PARADE, which had a readership of literally
nearly 10 million readers.
Sanderson article were
uch written in
intended
style for the general
public on the strange ways of animals were minor writt
articles
Sanderson behalf, But are obili important
These articles illustrate the range o
on the topics he was interested in during his career.
Hey
are being re
ere for the first time since
title
How Do
Sanderson's first PARADE article was ti
This article described
They Get There? [1] and dealth with the way animals have
a habit of turning up in strange places (what today we
would call 0.0.P.A.* - out-of-place animals):
"Of all the animal stories I have
collected, few have pleased me more than

[PAGE BREAK]

Sanderson - Part 3
Smith/Mangiacopra
-[3]-
those about animals turning up in wrong places.
In New York City, last month,
groundkeepers shot a fox in Yankee Stadium.
The little fellow apparently came to the

Stadium from Pennsylvania on a truck bringing a new field tarpaulin.
Even whales have a habit of taking a left turn when they should have gone right. There was the whale that swam up a creek in New York City and blocked a drawbridge, delaying commuter trains on the Long Island Railroad.
And take the albino frog plucked from a Manhattan gutter one winter night. Yes, little boys sometimes carry frogs in the pockets. But even in New York, little boys are seldom on the streets at midnight. The mystery of the country in the big city was never cleared up.
Strange Prize
THE classic case - to zoologists - involved an Australian Flying Phalanger or Opossum. The first specimen ever

[PAGE BREAK]

recorded was caught alive, not in Australia, but 12,000 miles away on a central London rooftop. How come? Don't ask me. Perhaps a sailor brought it home, not realizing he had found a scientist's prize.
Not even sailors, though, carry five-foot alligators as pets. Yet one was caught on the banks of the Red River in Wisconsin in the chilling cold of February 1892! And a guest in a smart Manhattan hotel once was startled to find a two-foot alligator in his room. The baffled management sent up the house detective, who arrived with a loaded pistol. The 'gator was trapped in a waster basket, however.
If you wonder how such things can happen, consider that vast numbers of odd animals are imported into this country by zoos and private citizens.
I used to watch a banker work out with a kangaroo on a roof each morning. And

[PAGE BREAK]

there was a man nearby who bred red-
crested macaws from the jungles of
South America in his apartment!
Some of the oddest discoveries have
been made in lakes.
About the turn of the century squids
were reported swimming in Lake Onondaga,
in Western New York. Several were caught
and sent to a museum for study.
Now squids are torpedo-shaped
animals related to octopuses and normally
live in the ocean. The experts were
puzzled: how could they travel 400 miles
from the Atlantic seacoast?
Frogs from the Sky?
TWO explanations were offered. One,
which seems plausible, was that they had
been carried from the coast for bait.
The other, more exciting, was put forward
by some local anglers. They speculated that
there might be a stratum of salt water beneath
the surface, a sort of pocket of some ancient
sea cut off by land and capped by stream

[PAGE BREAK]

water of less density.
Tales of seals being sighted in lakes
are not unusual. And some of them are
perfectly plausible. It is possible for
a seal to make his way up a river. But
what can we say when there is no river?
There must be an explanation to all
these odd appearances. But sometimes it's
hard to find.
Unless animals do sometimes "rain out
of the sky," as so often reported, how
could four city blocks of North London be
littered with full-grown frogs after a
thunder shower in early spring?"
Sanderson's next PARADE article on the mysteries
of animals was published this same year in the month of
August and titled, Tougher Than Lions: [2]
"I WATCHED IN AMAZEMENT the other
day. Across my lawn streaked a powerful
collie, tail between his legs.
After him, tiny but mighty in her

attack, came his pursuer: that mildest
of animals, a groundhog!

[PAGE BREAK]

Sanderson - Part 3
Smith/Mangiacopra
-[7]-
Finally the collie stopped, turned
and barked - from a safe distance. The
groundhog, clearly the winner, stopped
like a tough kid chasing a sissy, stood
in frozen hate for a minute, then turned
and trotted back to her cornfield.
* Two days later it happened again.
This time the groundhog sent a dachshund
scurrying from her field at full speed.
* I love dogs, and I know farmers
hate groundhogs, but I wanted to tip my
hat to the tough little gal who lives
in the corn.
* With me, it's an old feeling. Time
and again I've been impressed by one
fact: there's so much dynamite and
courage in small things!
By comparison with a hummingbird,
a lion is an old softie.
Deep in Nicaragua's jungles one day,
I was ferociously attacked by one of
nature's tiniest heroes: an angry
hummingbird.

[PAGE BREAK]

nderson
Part 3
Smith/Mangiacopra
-[8]-
Don't laugh. The hummingbird - a
tiny emerald-green bunch of feathers
was small enough to fit through a wedding
ring. In a small sapling, she had a nest
of babies, and I had been clearing a trail.
Not knowing about the nest, I had been
about to chop down her tree!
* It is luckly for me that I have a
long nose and wear glasses when peering at
natural curiosities in the jungle. Because
the tiny creature suddenly helicoptered
into the air, turned abruptly to 12 o'clock
and literally fired herself at me.
* All I remember was a smack of feathers

and finding myself on the ground.
* When I scrambled to my feet there
was a gash along the side of my nose and
blood on my glasses.
The hummingbird was settling herself
back on her nest and adjusting her wings
with little flips, as if to say:
"Stay away from this tree - YOU!"
The Boy Screamed

[PAGE BREAK]

nderson - Part 3
Smith/Mangiacopra
-[9]-
ON ANOTHER OCCASION I heard of an
Indian boy whose mother brought him to
a doctor. His eyeball had been punctured,
but the doc could not find out from the
boy what caused the injury.
The boy had come screaming from the
jungle, holding a hand over his eye.
It took the doctor three days to
find the culprit. The child, he decided,
had found a hummingbird's nest, and had
been attacked by the mother.
He had suffered the fate I escaped.
Many of us think that animals like
the tiger and leopard pick fights.
That's wrong. But it does seem that
smaller animals are pugnacious
and the
smaller the animal, the more pugnacious
he is apt to be.
The Shrew Is Vicious
TAKE THE SHREW AS AN EXAMPLE.
Shrews have long, pointed jaws armed
with rows of razor-sharp teeth which can
rip and tear the toughest gristle. I have

[PAGE BREAK]

on - Part 3
ngiacopra
-[10]-
seen two of them fight each other all day -
until one lay dead.
* Weasels are utterly wanton killers
and have been known to slaughter 50 chickens
in a night and eat only one of them.
* A gamekeeper I known once found a
tiny weasel in a trap, nursed it to health

and tried to keep it as a pet.
* It attacked his big dog, which fled.
It molested his tomcat which, however,
merely cuffed it.
Finally it deliberately invaded a
cage containing one of its larger relatives,
a ferret. Ferrets are noted for fighting
ability, but the weasel attacked the
ferret and killed it.
Next to the shrew and weasel in
toughness is the mink. You can tame a mink,
but they are fierce fighters and have been
known to attack their keepers with utmost
fury. Their strength and stamina is
unbelievable for their size.
One of the great surprises in nature

[PAGE BREAK]

- Part 3
angiacopra
-[11]-
is the viciousness of those tiny, "gentle"
animals, the marmosets.
They Look Gentle, But.
I HAVE SEEN these friendly little
monkeys fly at each other or gang up on a
new arrival and deliberately break each
other's arms.
* But few of us have seen tiny
chameleons fight.
* These cute little lizards will fight
each other for hours, joining battle by
seizing each other's jaws, hissing,
fighting, swaying. The sight is terrifying.
* Little creatures are, in fact, much
more terrible than great ones. You don't
always have to get down to their level to
appreciate this!
A third
st PARADE article on animal
mysteries was published a year later in November
IT
1952 [3] but was not authored by Sanderson, Though
but did include same be
his comments were briefly quoted on the primate species
of the gibbons:
"WANT SOMETHING to help set the table,

[PAGE BREAK]

Part 3

iacopra
-[12]-
had you cigarettes, light matches and
open bottles?
According to naturalist Ivan T.
Sanderson, the pint sized gibbon above
can do all of these and more. Known in
Malaya, Java and Sumatra as Wow-wows,
they are prized as pets by the natives,
who considered them half-human in
intelligence."
publish any more articles in
Sanderson did not have any additional PARADE
articles ever published after this date.
Still, these artich
they are
because they
ere the
significant that the
the first earliest known
that illustrate his intere
articles of his
the field of the
decade
unexplain
dater.
muustigate
would exround much further
a subject that he would beam become
much more interested in
Po years later
-[END]-

[PAGE BREAK]

Part 3
giacopra
-[14]-
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The Sanderson Saga

Word Length:
The Sanderson Sagas: Part 4 =
Reminisces of Ivan.
Dr. Dwight G. Smith*
And
Gary S. Mangiacopra**
*Biology Department, Southern Connecticut State University, New Haven, Connecticut;
**Milford, Connecticut.

"A man never dies, if his friends remember him."
Ancient Greek saying.
One of the conflicts when pursuiting the background of the personality of a person who has died decades prior is: What was this person actually like on a one-to-one basis with someone else?
Was he friendly
Wise
--
--
or foolish?
or standoffish?
--
One could speak their mind to or learn to hold one words within?
These, and other questions that arises, sometimes can be answered by those who personally knew them and published on a journal's printed pages their comments about them.
Such written accounts have saved much information from being lost forever. But better are those still-living persons, who had a one-to-one contact with a specific individual who can give a more detail account of their meetings. These still-living persons do not realized the importance of their memories, even if it was just a once-in-a-lifetime encounter.
With each passing year, less and less still-living

[PAGE BREAK]

individuals survive who knew of such a specific person. In this instance, Ivan T. Sanderson, who had died three decades ago. As there is no present attempt being made to rescue these reminisces of Sanderson.
It was, by the most fortunate of circumstances, that several individuals had personally met Sanderson and

generously allowed their decades-old encounters to be published for the first time in print. Their personal recollections of Ivan is owed the gratitude of today's cryptozoologists for their neglected historical importance.

How I Lost A Once-In-A-Lifetime
Opportunity To Meet Ivan Sanderson.

By
Ronald Rosenblatt

RON ROSENBLATT, age 57, is a native New Yorker. He holds degrees from the University of Michigan and the University of Wisconsin, where he had the "adventure" described in the following article. Over the years, he

has belonged to many Fortean organizations, and is a prolific writer having published material in such diverse publications as FATE, PURSUIT, STRANGE, FORTEAN TIMES, THE GATE, etc. Between 1986 and 1996, he attended many I.N.F.O. "Fort Fest" in the Washington, D.C. northern Virginia area, and the May 16, 1992 Brown University International Cryptozoological Society Conference.

In addition to his Fortean interests, Rosenblatt has worked as a scientific assistant and tour guide at several museums of natural history, as a para-legal in New York City courts, and as an editor in book-publishing. A serious "birder", he has visited some 44 different parks and wildlife refuges from Wisconsin to Puerto Rico.

Rosenblatt's favorite non-Fortean authors are Sir A.C. Doyle, Sax Rohmer, T.E. Lawrence, Colonel P. H. Fawcett, Colonel Jim Corbett, and horror writer, Howard P. Lovecraft. He also collects "old" video-tapes and L. P. records.

It was while he was an graduate student at the University of Wisconsin, that he missed the opportunity of getting involved with Ivan Sanderson's investigation of a Bigfoot sighting then occuring in this state. (See

[PAGE BREAK]

Sanderson's article: Wisconsin's "Abominable Snowman" Argosy, April 1969).

"He who hesitates, lost!"
- Anonymous.

In the winter of 1969, I was a graduate student in

English Literature at the University of
Wisconsin-Madison. Although I was looking forward to a
career as a Professor of English, I had been interested
in cryptozoology and Forteana for a while, gradually
becoming more interested as time passed.
I had been reading Bernard Heuvelmans'
cryptoozological classic, ON THE TRACK OF UNKNOWN
ANIMALS, and his IN THE WAKE OF THE SEA-SERPENTS. I had
the wits scared out of me by John Keel's THE MOTHMAN
PROPHECIES '
one of the few genuinely scary books I had
read, and I had also read some of Ivan Sanderson's
early books, such as CARRIBBEAN TREASURE, and ANIMAL
TREASURE, and the collection of his FATE articles in
THINGS and MORE THINGS.
I knew Ivan Sanderson was an unusual and
interesting man because I could remember seeing him on

the old Garry Moore CBS station television show when I
was a boy. Sanderson was a very impressive man, tall
and British, who would appear on the Moore television
show with some anaconda or giant South American ant-eater
and would talk about the animal. I can even remember
his having a huge sea-turtle in a tub of water.
So, in 1969, I had some awareness of Ivan
Sanderson and his books and television appearances.
Anyone who has spent time in Wisconsin in the winter
the winter knows how incredibly cold and icy it can
be. So I was happy to duck into "Ella's Deli" on State
Street to get some dinner on one of those freezing
Mid-Western nights.
I had just sat down at a table in "Ella's," when I
noticed a man come in and sit down at a table across
from me. He was sit down at a table across from me. He
was tall and elegant looking, and I particularly
noticed his goatee, which gave him a diabolical look.
He certainly didn't look at home in Wisconsin, and I
remember thinking that he must be a New Yorker, and
that was his reason for coming into a "Deli."
The man ordered a sandwich. Since he was directly
across from me, I had a good chance to look at him. The

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more I looked, the more I felt he was out of place in
Wisconsin, even in a "college town" like Madison. I
began to feel that this man looked familiar to me, that

I had seen him before. Suddenly, the realization came to me that this man was Ivan T. Sanderson. The belief came to me so strongly that I was tempted to go over to him to tell him how much I enjoyed his books, and how interested I was in cryptozoology.

At the same time, I was not completely sure that the man I was looking at was Sanderson. I hesitated to speak to him, because I might just be embarassing myself by taking him for Sanderson, who was looking around the "deli" in a kind of sardonic way that further convinced me that the man I was looking at was from New York City.

In any event, I never did speak to the man. He finished eating and left, going back into the cold. I knew there was something unusual about the man, but was not sure what it was.

Several days later, I was at home in New York City for the winter vacation. One evening, I was watching the Johnny Carson show (*) on television. Carson announced

(*Christmas Night show, ARGOSY, September 1969, p. 12.)

that Ivan Sanderson was going to appear to talk about alleged "Big Foot" tracks seen in Wisconsin. Sure enough, when Sanderson appeared to talk about the Deltoz Monster footprints, I realized that the man in "Ella's Delia," had been Ivan T. Sanderson, and that I had missed a fanastic opportunity to talk to him, especially as I suspected he was probably lonely in that dark and cold Mid-Western night, and would have like talking to one of his "fans".

As the years went by, and my interests moved away from English Literature and towards Forteana and cryptozoology, I realized even more keenly what an opportunity I had missed! Just to be able to say that I had conversed with Sanderson would have meant a great deal with my fellow Forteans.

A long time later, I learned that Sanderson's reason for being in the Mid-West had more to do with his and Heuvelmans' trip to Minnesota to see the "Ice Man" (*) that was allegedly the frozen corpse of a sub-hominoid creature that had been shown around at fairs and shopping malls as an authentic "Big Foot." Perhaps Sanderson talked about the footprints in Delton Marsh

(*ARGOSY May 1969 and SAGA July 1970.)

[PAGE BREAK]

as a way of avoiding talking about the "Ice Man," a subject that both Sanderson and Heuvelmans wanted to keep "under warps" for the time being.
So my story is a negative one, about how I didn't get around to talking to one of the leading Forteans and cryptozoologists of our time. Still, as one who has spent as many years studying Ivan Sanderson's fascinating writings and wonderful experiences, I considered it a great privilege to have been at least close to him in "Ella's Delia."
I often attended the I.N.F.O. "Fort Fests" in Virginia and Maryland, where I had the opportunity to meet many prominent Forteans and talk with them. Somehow, my "random" encounters with Ivan Sanderson beats them all. After all, Charles Fort wrote there are no "concidences," only synchronicities!" What brought me and Ivan Sanderson together that freezing night?
-[END] -
Sanderson
Part 4
Smith/Mangiacopra
-[10]-
Dinner With Ivan
By
Dr. Joseph F. Gennaro, Jr.
DR. JOSEPH F. GENNARO, JR., age 7x, retired, and currently teaching at the University of Florida in Gainesville. A former board of directors of the now defunct, International Society of Cryptozoology from [AD] 1982-1987, his name is well known among cryptids researchers as one of the co-authors of the classic groundbreaking Natural History (March, 1971) article on the infamous alleged giant octopus carcass that was washed ashore off St. Augustine, Florida in 1896. However, in his pre-cryptozoological interest days, Dr. Gennaro had a chance meeting and shared a dinner (!) with Ivan Sanderson. His story of his chance meeting with Ivan of more than four decades prior is being told for the first time to anyone. (The following account is the compilation of three letters that he wrote to author Mangiacopra of what he recalls.)

[PAGE BREAK]

Sanderson
Part 4
Smith/Mangiacopra
-[11]-
"To break bread with someone, is to know them."
- Anonymous.
I met Sanderson quite by accident during my first

period of employment at the University of Florida [AD] (1956-1964) when he came down here with Roy Pinney to do some research on a project he was interested in. At the time I was much more interested in Pinney who, during his career as a professional photographer, took some really wonderful pictures of snakes, which is what I was interested in at the time. But I found Sanderson very amusing and interesting to talk to and soon we hit it off quite well. I think, however, that this was the only time we met. Much later, when I was in New York, I met Roy again when I gave a lecture at the Bronox Zoo.[1]

I never did get to know Sanderson very well but, as you probably have learned, most people who earned their living by writing in this area live by their wits. It seemed to me that he was one of these. He had carefully cultivated his image and he certainly had a great imagination and a wonderful ability to express

it. When he visited Gainesville he and Pinney were looking for some kind of a rare alligator and they stopped by to say hello to another Englishman who was working in our department at that time (Ken Backhouse). I remember that they had some talk about the function of that large dome of fat on the head of the porpoise and then we went out to supper. In those days Gainesville, or rather Alachua County, was dry (*) so we had to buy our own bottle of wine elsewhere and eat in a restaurant where they permitted one to keep it under the table in a paper bag and pour it into the water glasses. It was a funny evening.

I did enjoy him that evening and I think you would have too, had you an opportunity to be with us. Pinney and Sanderson were great friends. As a matter of fact I think that Sanderson frequently stayed with Pinney in Pinney's house, a rather nice brownstone in Manhattan when he had to be in the city rather than travel to New Jersey where, I think, he lived. Also they said something about Pinney being friendly with Ivan's

(*"Dry" is an American slang term in which it means that a county prohibits the selling of alcohol beverages within its boundaries.)

[PAGE BREAK]

wife (*). Pinney was a rather well-known fashion photographer at the beginning of his career and

because his wife at that time was very successful at getting babies to pose for his camera they began to do fashion photography of the children of the idle rich and they did very well at that. Pinney was always fascinated with snakes, however, and by doctoring his view camera to produce great depth of field he was able to take magnificent color images better than any I had seen that time.
Unfortunately, later he tried to put them all together in another book but because the color fiim at that time was really not very good they nad all bleached out and were useless. I met Pinney from time to time in New York. He supported the New York Zoological Society and when I spoke there we talked a little but I never had anything to do with him beyond that. One of the places where I had my film processed was friendly with him and that was how I found out about his transparencies bleaching out. [2]
I took the opportunity to discuss his visit with Doris, my wife, and will help relate to you all that we
(*Ivan's first wife, Alma.)
Sanderson
= Part 4
Smith/Mangiacopra
-[14]-
can remember of the time. I'm not exactly sure when it was we met Sanderson but I do know that he was introduced to me by the English physician, Kenneth Backhouse, who was visiting our department (hoping for a permanent position, I think. Ken mentioned to me that someone he knew (an Englishman?) (*) was visiting Florida and would stop by Gainesville. The visit was for only one day and we spent that afternoon in the Anatomy Laboratory where Backhouse had a porpoise cadaver that he was dissecting. It seems that the porpoise has a large globe of fat on top of his head and this organ has no known function (at least at that time) and they spent a couple of hours, Sanderson and Backhaus, arguing about what its function could possibly be. I believe that Sanderson and Roy Pinney were staying in a local motel and we arranged to meet at what was then the best local restaurant for supper. At that time Alachua County (as well as Gainesville) was dry and no liquor could be bought or served here but we were able to take a bottle of red wine from our household stock with us when we met them downtown at the Primrose Grill on University Avenue across the street from the Florida
(*Ivan was born in Scotland.)

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Theatre. I remember that the wine bottle had to be in a paper bag "so that no one could see what it was". At the restaurant they did serve us "extra water glasses" for the wine.

As I remember supper, the time passed very pleasantly although the food was certainly not spectacular being mostly typical Southern fried stuff. There was a good deal of discussion about what Sanderson and Pinney came to Florida for either something to do with manatees or snakes I forget which. If I mentioned my work with the snakes and the Giant Octopus it must have been at this time. I don't think we discussed it and any great length, although I may be mistaken, because at that time I did not regard it seriously myself. I don't think I had yet traveïed to Washington to pick up the specimen I got from the Smithsonian, but I may be mistaken on that too.

I do know that they were planning on driving further south the next day and I seem to remember that they planned to visit one of the springs there. I Know I asked Roy about his photographic techniques and how he achieved such remarkable depth of field in his snake pictures. That was when he told me about his background

in fashion and baby photography and his hobby in snakes and other reptiles. As a matter of fact he mentioned that he had had someone drill a tiny hole in an aluminum plate to create a minuscule f-stop, about F64-128 or so according to his calculations, and in his plate camera this provided the depth he wanted. After supper we each went our way and that was the last I saw of Sanderson. [3]

-[END]-

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Private communication to Gary S. Mangiacopra, 8 February 2004.

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Part 4
Smith/Mangiacopra
-[17]-
Remembering Ivan
By
Robert J. Durant
ROBERT J. DURANT, aqe 7x, was the former president of the Society For The Investigation Of The Unexplained, in the 1970s. Now ...
"A man never dies, as long as his friends remember his name."
- Ancient Greek saying.
It must have been 1968 or 1969 when I first heard the voice of Ivan Sanderson. His accent was a perfect "BBC" upper-class English, but what caught the attention at once and kept it - was Sanderson's totally riveting discourse. He was on the Barry Farber radio show, one of the AM powerhouses of the day. And he was talking about the Bermuda Triangle.
I had experience something that to this day puzzles me, and wanted to let him know about it. While flying in
Sanderson Part 4
Smith/Mangiacopra
-[18]-
roughly the area of the Triangle, I had observed, from an altitude of some 30,000 feet, a huge mound of seemingly boiling water emerge from the sea about 100 miles north of Puerto Rico. It rose, looking like a gigantic cauliflower, then slowly collapsed back. The diameter of the mound must have been at least one-quarter mile.(*)
So I wrote a letter to Sanderson with those details.
To my surprise, he replied with a nice note. Soon we were exchanging more letters. Eventually, I was invited to the Columbia, New Jersey Farm. And thus began a wonderful friendship.
Unfortunately, it was to be a short friendship, because Ivan died in 1973. In fact, by the time I met him, Ivan was already ravaged by various medical problems. He had always had one "bad" eye, and now the remaining eye was deteriorating, so he had to use a magnifying glass to read, slowly scanning, and pausing when it got too much. Before this problem set in, Ivan had been a voracious reader, and he mentioned that it was a real blow to suddenly lose his lifetime habit and joy of vast reading.
But that was just a statement of fact, rather than a
(*PURSUIT, 197X-check issue).

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-[19]-
complaint. As I got closer to him, I learned that in those final years, sickness and an encroaching blindness were not the sum of his troubles. He was nearly broke, sustained by a few royalty checks that sporadically appeared in the mailbox. And many friends of long-standing, meaning the crowd that clung around him when he made enough money to pay the restaurant and bar bills, and who benefited from his publishing and show business contacts, had stopped calling. I did not learn this from Ivan, but from others. So I could go on at length about the miserable condition in which Ivan's final years developed. But having stated the facts in outline, I will go on to the more important point. That is, he never really complained. This amazed me, and it is one of my enduring memories of Ivan Sanderson. The man had "character" to a truely exceptional degree.
Ivan was a non-stop talker. But not a bore. Never. This was another exceptional trait. He talked and talked, but the range of topics was huge, and always what he had to say fascinated. And if you want to know how the talking was organized, look at his writing. It was the same flowing, sometimes almost poetic discourse.
Sanderson
Part 4
Smith/Mangiacopra
-[20]-
His wife Alma died during this period. She was a black woman, a native of Africa, but educated in France, and so accomplished that she did translations of French publications into English. Incredibly, they had performed a night club act internationally for many years. They were dancers, doing Latin steps that were still very new. Apparently this was quite a sensation. Ivan said they gave it up because of the rigors of constant travel. Sorry, I said "incredibly." With Ivan, just about everything seemed incredible, ridiculous or impossible, but eventually I was able to document nearly every claim he made about his truely amazing life.
He told me that once he was watching a motion picture of a rhinoceros attacking and killing a man. Than he grasped that it was a movie taken of the last moments of the life of- his own father! He knew his father had been killed by a rhinoceros, but had no idea the event had been filmed. (*)
(*This dredge up 32+ year old memories of Mangiacopra, that as an undergraduate and working nights, he would catch Ivan on the Barry Farber late night talk show, Monday-Friday 11 P.M.-2 A.M.; with the 3-hour radio program immediately repeated again from 2-5

[PAGE BREAK]

Sanderson
Part 4
Smith/Mangiacopra
-[21]-
And he was a highly skilled cook, specializing in the food of Southeast Asia. The kitchen was lined with scores of oddly shaped glass bottles, each containing a different spice or vegetable, nearly all of them originating in Thailand, Vietnam or Burma. He told me once that even though he was an experienced naturalist, and had subsisted in the wild for long periods, one thing he would not take a chance on was mushrooms. Apparently (*continued - A.M. On one radio discussion, Ivan mentions a strange concidence that happened to him. He was doing something in the entertainment field (television show? - cannot recall for certain from memory) and that he and someone else with him were in some film storage area and needed to view some wildlife film; so they grab the first film can reel at hand and viewed it. It turns out that this wildlife film was from Africa and by sheer chance shows Ivan's father being attacked and killed by a rhinoceros! Ivan's comment was that the S.0.B. who was filming his father getting killed, simply kept filming what was happening! And not making any effort to help his father! I believed he called that cameraman a sheer "bastard". Ivan's voice on the radio betrayed that years later, he was still mad-as-hell after seeing that film!)
Sanderson Part 4
Smith/Mangiacopra
-[22]-
he had made a serious mistake once, and was not about to repeat it.
He like to drink. At the time, I was a pilot with Pan Am, and had a regular run from New York to Ireland, where I would routinely buy one or two bottles of whiskey.
This was a double-malt called Cardhu, then quite cheap, but now a very expansive brand. To me, the stuff tastes like kerosene, but Ivan pronounced it wonderful, and eagerly awaited my next shipment. That was all I could do for the man, and gladly did it, knowing that he genuinely appreciated the occasional bottle.
It seemed Ivan was always hosting someone at the farm.
Some were local farmers who stopped by to chat about entirely mundane things. Others were more exotic. A man with an eye-patch and a strong resemblance to Ernest Hemingway was there often. He was retired from Time Magazine, which he ran for many years, and lived nearby on a luxurious spread, but liked to hang out with Ivan.
There there was the big-game hunter from Africa,

straight out of Hollywood's Central Casting, but there to plan strategy for tracking Yetis. And the British aristocrat who lived in a chateau in France, but had taken a week and a transatlantic flight to pick Ivan's

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brain about a similar cryptozoological venture. Everyone was treated equally, and Ivan went to pains to insure that the visitors, regardless of their eminence, met everyone else on even terms.

There was a time when Ivan made a lot of money. His books sold well, and he was a fixture on early television. It was then that, with money in his pocket, he drove from New York City, with nothing other than sightseeing in mind, and found a small farm for sale in the nearly uninhabited western edge of New Jersey. On impulse, he bought it outright. That was a luckly thing, because it was to be his home, headquarters for the Society, and his refuge.

Ivan had his faults. Upon his death, it seems that no less than three individuals produced documents in which Ivan had bequeathed to them the farm! This took considerable sorting out.

Once long ago I was musing about Ivan, and the idea popped into my mind that the best way to describe him in comparison to the rest of mankind is as follows. Ivan was like a color photograph, everyone else black and white. What a man!

- [END] -